

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

*Enter King and Polonius.*

*King.* Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,  
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a litle,  
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule  
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,  
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose  
VWill be some danger; which for to preuent,  
I haue in quick determination  
Thus set it downe: he shall with speede to *England*,  
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,  
Haply the seas, and countries' different,  
With variable obiects, shall expell  
This something fetled matter in his hart,  
Whereon his braines still beating  
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.  
What thinke you on't?

*Pol.* It shall doe well.

But yet doe I belieue the origin and commencement of his grieffe,  
Sprung from neglected loue: How now *Ophelia*?  
You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said,  
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,  
But if you hold it fit, after the play,  
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him  
To show his grieffe, let her be round with him,  
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the care  
Of all their conference, if she find him not,  
To *England* send him: or confine him where  
Your wisdome best shall thinke.

*King.* It shall be so,

Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.*

*Ham.* Speake the speech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as lue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, ô it offends mee to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe

Prince of D

tere a passion to totters, to very raglings, vvho for the most part are ble dumbe shoves, and noyse: I w ore-dooing Termagant, it out F

*Player.* I warrant your honour.

*Hamlet.* Be not too tame neither your tutor, sure the action to the w this speciall obseruance, that you o ture: For any thing so ore-doone whose end both at the first, and no the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew Image, and the very age and body Now this ouer-done, or come tard full laugh, cannot but make the which one, must in your allowance thers. O there be Players that I ha prayd, and that highly, not to spea uing th'accent of Christians, nor t man, haue so strutted & bellowed tures Iornimen had made men, an ted humanitie so abominably.

*Player.* I hope we haue reform

*Ham.* O reforme it altogether, a speake no more then is set downe wil themselues laugh, to set on for to laugh to, though in the meane the play be then to be considered, pittifull ambition in the foole that now my Lord, will the King hear

*Enter Polonius, Gwylder.*

*Pol.* And the Queene to, and t

*Ham.* Bid the Players make hal

*Ros.* I my Lord. *Exeunt*

*Ham.* What howe, *Horatio*.

*Hora.* Heere sweet Lord, at yo

*Ham.* *Horatio*, thou art een as i

as ere my conuersation copt wit

*Hor.* O my deere Lord.